

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

Cade. Zounds, heere's the Lord of the soyle: Stand villaine, thou wilt betray me to the King, and get a thousand Crownes for my head: but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Estridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin.

Eyden. Why sawey companion, why should I betray thee? Ist not enough that thou hast broke my hedges, And enter'd into my ground, without the leaue of me the owner But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme. Looke on me well, I haue eate no meat this fūe daies, yet if do not leaue thee and thy fūe men as dead as a dore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay, it shall neuer be said whilst the world stands, That *Alexander Eyden* an Esquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate with a famisht man. Looke on me, my limbes are equall vnto thine, And euery way as bigge: then hand to hand Ile combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons, And stand you all aside.

Cade. Now sword, if thou dost not hew this burly-bon'd churl into chines of beefe, I would thou mightst fall into some Smiths hand, and be turn'd to hobnailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way.

They fight, and Cade falls downe.

Cade. Oh Villaine, thou hast slaine the flower of Kent for chivalry, but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fūe dayes, and ile fight with you all. And so a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade must dye.

He dyes.

Eyden. Iacke Cade: And was this that monstrous rebel which I haue slaine?

Oh sword, ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber Shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, For this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword Cut off his head, and beare it to the King.

*Exit.
Enter*

Yorke and Lancaster

Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum

Yorke. In armes from Ireland comes York
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the
To entertaine faire Englands royall King
Ah *Santa Maiesta*, who would not buy

Enter the Duke of Buckingham

But soft, who comes heere, Buckingham,

Buck. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greet

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, we

What, comes thou in loue, or as a Messenger

Buck. I come as a Messenger from our dr

Henry. To know the reason of these armes

Or that thou being a subiect as I am,

Shouldst thus approach so neare with colour

Whereas the person of the King doth ke

Yorke. A subiect as he is!

Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect teare

But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy

Who now in Armes expect their fathers

And not farre hence I know they cannot

Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon m

That I answer'd not at first, my minde wa

I came to remoue that monstrous rebell

And haue proud Somerset from out the

That basely yeelded vp the Townes in Fr

Buck. Why that was presumption on t

But if it be no otherwise then so,

The King doth pardon thee, and grantst t

And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it so?

Buck. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

Yorke. Then before thy face, I heere di

Sirs, meete me to morrow in Saint George

And there you shall receiue your pay of

Buck. Come Yorke, thou shalt go speak

But see, his grace is comming to meete w

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